A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY.

BY

MR. YORICK.

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THE FILLE DE CHAMBRE.

PARIS.

WHAT the old French officer had delivered upon travelling, bringing Polonius's advice to his ſon upon the ſame ſubject into my head—and that bringing in Hamlet; and Hamlet, the reſt of Shakeſpear's works, I ſtopp'd at the Quai de Conti in my return home, to purchaſe the whole ſet.

The bookſeller ſaid he had not a ſet in the world—*Comment!* ſaid I; taking one up out of a ſet which lay upon the counter betwixt us.——He ſaid, they were ſent him only to be got bound, and were to be ſent back to Verſailles in the morning to the Count de B****.

—And does the Count de B****, ſaid I, read Shakeſpear? *C'eſt un Eſprit fort*, replied the bookſeller.—He loves Engliſh books; and what is more to his honour, Monſieur, he love the Engliſh too. You ſpeak this ſo civilly, ſaid I, that 'tis enough to oblige an Engliſhman to lay out a Louis d'or or two at your ſhop—The bookſeller made a bow, and was

going to ſay ſomething, when a young decent girl of about twenty, who by her air and dreſs ſeemed to be *fille de chambre* to ſome devout woman of faſhion, came into the ſhop and aſked for *Les Egarments du Cœur & de l'Eſprit:* the bookſeller gave her the book directly; ſhe pulled out a little green ſattin purſe run round with a ribband of the ſame colour, and putting her finger and thumb into it, ſhe took out the money, and paid for it. As I had nothing more to ſtay me in the ſhop, we both walked out at the door together.

——And what have you to do, my dear, ſaid I, with *The Wanderings of the Heart*, who ſcarce know yet you have one? nor, till love has

firſt told you it, or ſome faithleſs ſhepherd has made it ache, can'ſt thou ever be ſure it is ſo.—*Le Dieu m'en guard!* ſaid the girl.—With reaſon, ſaid I—for if it is a good one, 'tis pity it ſhould be ſtolen: 'tis a little treaſure to thee, and gives a better air to your face, than if it was dreſs'd out with pearls.

The young girl liſtened with a ſubmiſſive attention, holding her ſattin purſe by its ribband in her hand all the time—'Tis a very ſmall one, ſaid I, taking hold of the bottom of it—ſhe held it towards me—and there is very little in it, my dear, ſaid I; but be but as good as thou art handſome, and heaven will fill it: I had a

parcel of crowns in my hand to pay for Shakeſpear; and as ſhe had let go the purſe intirely, I put a ſingle one in; and tying up the ribband in a bow-knot, returned it to her.

The young girl made me more a humble courteſy than a low one—'twas one of thoſe quiet, thankful ſinkings where the ſpirit bows itſelf down—the body does no more than tell it. I never gave a girl a crown in my life which gave me half the pleaſure.

My advice, my dear, would not have been worth a pin to you, ſaid I, if I had not given this along with it: but now, when you ſee the crown,

you'll remember it—ſo don't, my dear, lay it out in ribbands.

Upon my word, Sir, ſaid the girl, earneſtly, I am incapable—in ſaying which, as is uſual in little bargains of honour, ſhe gave me her hand—*En verite, Monſieur, je mettrai cet argent apart*, ſaid ſhe.

When a virtuous convention is made betwixt man and woman, it ſanctifies their moſt private walks: ſo notwithſtanding it was duſky, yet, as both our roads lay the ſame way, we made no ſcruple of walking along the Quai de Conti together

She

She made me a ſecond courteſy in ſetting off, and before we got twenty yards from the door, as if ſhe had not done enough before, ſhe made a ſort of a little ſtop to tell me again —ſhe thank'd me.

It was a ſmall tribute, I told her, which I could not avoid paying to virtue, and would not be miſtaken in the perſon I had been rendering it to for the world—but I ſee innocence, my dear, in your face—and foul befal the man who ever lays a ſnare in its way!

The girl ſeem'd affected ſome way or other with what I ſaid—ſhe gave a low ſigh—I found I was not im-

powered to enquire at all after it—ſo ſaid nothing more till I got to the corner of the Rue de Nevers, where we were to part.

—But is this the way, my dear, ſaid I, to the hotel de Modene? ſhe told me it was—or, that I might go by the Rue de Guineygaude, which was the next turn.—Then I'll go, my dear, by the Rue de Guineygaude, ſaid I, for two reaſons; firſt I ſhall pleaſe myſelf, and next I ſhall give you the protection of my company as far on your way as I can. The girl was ſenſible I was civil—and ſaid, ſhe wiſh'd the hotel de Modene was in the Rue de St. Pierre——You live there? ſaid I.—She told me ſhe was *fille de chambre* to Madame

R****—Good God! ſaid I, 'tis the very lady for whom I have brought a letter from Amiens—The girl told me that Madame R****, ſhe believed, expected a ſtranger with a letter, and was impatient to ſee him—ſo I deſired the girl to preſent my compliments to Madame R****, and ſay I would certainly wait upon her in the morning.

We ſtood ſtill at the corner of the Rue de Nevers whilſt this paſs'd—We then ſtopp'd a moment whilſt ſhe diſpoſed of her *Egarments de Cœur*, &c. more commodiouſly than carrying them in her hand—they were two volumes; ſo I held the ſecond for her whilſt ſhe put the firſt into her pocket; and then ſhe

ſhe held her pocket, and I put in the other after it.

'Tis ſweet to feel by what fine-ſpun threads our affections are drawn together.

We ſet off a-freſh, and as ſhe took her third ſtep, the girl put her hand within my arm—I was juſt bidding her—but ſhe did it of herſelf with that undeliberating ſimplicity, which ſhew'd it was out of her head that ſhe had never ſeen me before. For my own part, I felt the conviction of conſanguinity ſo ſtrongly, that I could not help turning half round to look in her face, and ſee if I could trace out

any

any thing in it of a family likeneſs—Tut! ſaid I, are we not all relations?

When we arrived at the turning up of the Rue de Guineygaude, I ſtopp'd to bid her adieu for good and all: the girl would thank me again for my company and kindneſs—She bid me adieu twice—I repeated it as often; and ſo cordial was the parting between us, that had it happen'd any where elſe, I'm not ſure but I ſhould have ſigned it with a kiſs of charity, as warm and holy as an apoſtle.

But in Paris, as none kiſs each other but the men—I did, what amounted to the ſame thing——

——I bid God bleſs her.

THE PASSPORT.

PARIS.

WHEN I got home to my hotel, Le Fleur told me I had been enquired after by the Lieutenant de Police—The duce take it! ſaid I——I know the reaſon. It is time the reader ſhould know it, for in the order of things in which it happened, it was omitted; not that it was out of my head; but that had I told it then, it might have been forgot now—and now is the time I want it.

I had left London with ſo much precipitation, that it never enter'd my mind

mind that we were at war with France; and had reach'd Dover, and look'd through my glaſs at the hills beyond Boulogne, before the idea preſented itſelf; and with this in its train, that there was no getting there without a paſſport. Go but to the end of a ſtreet, I have a mortal averſion for returning back no wiſer than I ſat out; and as this was one of the greateſt efforts I had ever made for knowledge, I could leſs bear the thoughts of it: ſo hearing the Count de **** had hired the packet, I begg'd he would take me in his *ſuite*. The Count had ſome little knowledge of me, ſo made little or no difficulty—only ſaid, his inclination to ſerve me could reach no further than Calais,

as he was to return by way of Bruſſels to Paris: however, when I had once paſs'd there, I might get to Paris without interruption; but that in Paris I muſt make friends and ſhift for myſelf.—Let me get to Paris, Monſieur le Count, ſaid I—and I ſhall do very well. So I embark'd, and never thought more of the matter.

When Le Fleur told me the Lieutenant de Police had been enquiring after me—the thing inſtantly recurred—and by the time Le Fleur had well told me, the maſter of the hotel came into my room to tell me the ſame thing, with this addition to it, that my paſſport had been particularly

larly aſk'd after: the maſter of the hotel concluded with ſaying, He hoped I had one.—Not I, faith! ſaid I.

The maſter of the hotel retired three ſteps from me, as from an infected perſon, as I declared this—and poor Le Fleur advanced three ſteps towards me, and with that ſort of movement which a good ſoul makes to ſuccour a diſtreſs'd one—the fellow won my heart by it; and from that ſingle *trait*, I knew his character as perfectly, and could rely upon it as firmly, as if he had ſerved me with fidelity for ſeven years.

Mon

Mon ſeigneur! cried the maſter of the hotel—but recollecting himſelf as he made the exclamation, he inſtantly changed the tone of it—If, Monſieur, ſaid he, has not a paſſport (*apparemment*) in all likelihood he has friends in Paris who can procure him one.—Not that I know of, quoth I, with an air of indifference.—Then *certes*, replied he, you'll be ſent to the Baſtile or the Chatelet, *au moins*. Poo! ſaid I, the king of France is a good natured ſoul—he'll hurt no body.—*Cela n'empeche pas*, ſaid he—you will certainly be ſent to the Baſtile to-morrow morning.—But I've taken your lodgings for a month, anſwer'd I, and I'll not quit them a day before the time for all the kings of France in the

world. Le Fleur whiſper'd in my ear, That no body could oppoſe the king of France.

Pardi! ſaid my hoſt, *ces Meſſieurs Anglois ſont des gens très extraordinaires*—and having both ſaid and ſworn it—he went out.

THE PASSPORT.

The Hotel at Paris.

I COULD not find in my heart to torture Le Fleur's with a ſerious look upon the ſubject of my embarraſſment, which was the reaſon I had treated it ſo cavalierly: and to ſhew him how light it lay upon my mind, I dropt the ſubject entirely; and whilſt he waited upon me at ſupper, talk'd to him with more than uſual gaiety about Paris, and of the opera comique.—Le Fleur had been there himſelf, and had followed me through the ſtreets as far as the bookſeller's ſhop; but ſeeing me come

out with the young *fille de chambre*, and that we walk'd down the Quai de Conti together, Le Fleur deem'd it unneceſſary to follow me a ſtep further—ſo making his own reflections upon it, he took a ſhorter cut—— and got to the hotel in time to be inform'd of the affair of the Police againſt my arrival.

As ſoon as the honeſt creature had taken away, and gone down to ſup himſelf, I then began to think a little ſeriouſly about my ſituation.—

—And here, I know, Eugenius, thou wilt ſmile at the remembrance of a ſhort dialogue which paſs'd be-

twixt us the moment I was going to ſet out——I muſt tell it here.

Eugenius, knowing that I was as little ſubject to be overburthen'd with money as thought, had drawn me aſide to interrogate me how much I had taken care for; upon telling him the exact ſum, Eugenius ſhook his head, and ſaid it would not do; ſo pull'd out his purſe in order to empty it into mine.—I've enough in conſcience, Eugenius, ſaid I.——Indeed, Yorick, you have not, replied Eugenius—I know France and Italy better than you.——But you don't conſider, Eugenius, ſaid I, refuſing his offer, that before I have been three days in Paris, I ſhall take care

to

to ſay or do ſomething or other for which I ſhall get clapp'd up into the Baſtile, and that I ſhall live there a couple of months entirely at the king of France's expence.—I beg pardon, ſaid Eugenius, drily: really, I had forgot that reſource.

Now the event I treated gaily came ſeriouſly to my door.

Is it folly, or nonchalance, or philoſophy, or pertinacity—or what is it in me, that, after all, when Le Fleur had gone down ſtairs, and I was quite alone, that I could not bring down my mind to think of it otherwiſe than I had then ſpoken of it to Eugenius?

—And as for the Baſtile! the terror is in the word—Make the moſt of it you can, ſaid I to myſelf, the Baſtile is but another word for a tower—and a tower is but another word for a houſe you can't get out of —Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a year—but with nine livres a day, and pen and ink and paper and patience, albeit a man can't get out, he may do very well within —at leaſt for a month or ſix weeks; at the end of which, if he is a harmleſs fellow, his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and wiſer man than he went in.

I had ſome occaſion (I forget what) to ſtep into the court-yard, as I ſettled

this account; and remember I walk'd down ſtairs in no ſmall triumph with the conceit of my reaſoning—Beſhrew the *ſombre* pencil! ſaid I vauntingly—for I envy not its powers, which paints the evils of life with ſo hard and deadly a colouring. The mind ſits terrified at the objects ſhe has magnified herſelf, and blackened: reduce them to their proper ſize and hue, ſhe overlooks them—'Tis true, ſaid I, correcting the propoſition—the Baſtile is not an evil to be deſpiſed—but ſtrip it of its towers—fill up the foſſe—unbarricade the doors—call it ſimply a confinement, and ſuppoſe 'tis ſome tyrant of a diſtemper—and not of a man which holds you in

it—the evil vaniſhes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this ſoliloquy, with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained "it could not get out."—I look'd up and down the paſſage, and ſeeing neither man, woman, or child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the paſſage, I heard the ſame words repeated twice over; and looking up, I ſaw it was a ſtarling hung in a little cage.—"I can't get out—I can't get "out," ſaid the ſtarling.

I ſtood

I ſtood looking at the bird: and to every perſon who came through the paſſage it ran fluttering to the ſide towards which they approach'd it, with the ſame lamentation of its captivity—"I can't get out," ſaid the ſtarling—God help thee! ſaid I, but I'll let thee out, coſt what it will; ſo I turn'd about the cage to get to the door; it was twiſted and double twiſted ſo faſt with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces—I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thruſting his head through the trellis, preſs'd his breaſt againſt it, as if impatient—I fear, poor creature! ſaid I,

I cannot

I cannot ſet thee at liberty—" No," ſaid the ſtarling—" I can't get out—" I can't get out," ſaid the ſtarling.

I vow, I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; or do I remember an incident in my life, where the diſſipated ſpirits, to which my reaſon had been a bubble, were ſo ſuddenly call'd home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet ſo true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my ſyſtematic reaſonings upon the Baſtile; and I heavily walk'd up ſtairs, unſaying every word I had ſaid in going down them.

Diſguiſe thyſelf as thou wilt, ſtill ſlavery! ſaid I—ſtill thou art a bitter draught; and though thouſands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no leſs bitter on that account.—'Tis thou, thrice ſweet and gracious goddeſs, addreſſing myſelf to LIBERTY, whom all in public or in private worſhip, whoſe taſte is grateful, and ever wilt be ſo, till NATURE herſelf ſhall change—no *tint* of words can p ot thy ſnowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy ſceptre into iron—with thee to ſmile upon him as he eats his cruſt, the ſwain is happier than his monarch, from whoſe court thou art exiled—Gracious heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the laſt ſtep but one in my aſcent—

grant

grant me but health, thou great Beſtower of it, and give me but this fair goddeſs as my companion—and ſhower down thy mitres, if it ſeems good unto thy divine providence, upon thoſe heads which are aching for them.

THE

THE CAPTIVE.

PARIS.

THE bird in his cage purſued me into my room; I ſat down cloſe to my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I begun to figure to myſelf the miſeries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and ſo I gave full ſcope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow creatures born to no inheritance but ſlavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near

near me, and that the multitude of ſad groups in it did but diſtract me.—

—I took a ſingle captive, and having firſt ſhut him up in his dungeon, I then look'd through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half waſted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of ſickneſs of the heart it was which ariſes from hope deferr'd. Upon looking nearer I ſaw him pale and feveriſh: in thirty years the weſtern breeze had not once fann'd his blood—he had ſeen no ſun, no moon in all that time—nor had the voice

voice of friend or kinſman breathed through his lattice—his children—

—But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was ſitting upon the ground upon a little ſtraw, in the furtheſt corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of ſmall ſticks were laid at the head notch'd all over with the diſmal days and nights he had paſs'd there—he had one of theſe little ſticks in his hand, and with a ruſty nail he was etching another day of miſery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeleſs

eye

eye towards the door, then caſt it down—ſhook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turn'd his body to lay his little ſtick upon the bundle—He gave a deep ſigh—I ſaw the iron enter into his ſoul—I burſt into tears—I could not ſuſtain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn—I ſtarted up from my chair, and calling Le Fleur, I bid him beſpeak me a *remiſe*, and have it ready at the door of the hotel by nine in the morning.

—I'll go directly, ſaid I, myſelf to Monſieur Le Duc de Choiſeul.

Le Fleur would have put me to bed; but not willing he ſhould ſee any thing upon my cheek which would coſt the honeſt fellow a heart ache—I told him I would go to bed by myſelf—and bid him go do the ſame.

THE STARLING.

ROAD TO VERSAILLES.

I GOT into my *remiſe* the hour I propoſed: Le Fleur got up behind, and I bid the coachman make the beſt of his way to Verſailles.

As there was nothing in this road, or rather nothing which I look for in travelling, I cannot fill up the blank better than with a ſhort hiſtory of this ſelf-ſame bird, which became the ſubject of the laſt chapter.

Whilſt

Whilſt the Honourable Mr. **** was waiting for a wind at Dover it had been caught upon the cliffs before it could well fly, by an Engliſh lad who was his groom; who not caring to deſtroy it, had taken it in his breaſt into the packet—and by courſe of feeding it, and taking it once under his protection, in a day or two grew fond of it, and got it ſafe along with him to Paris.

At Paris the lad had laid out a livre in a little cage for the ſtarling, and as he had little to do better the five months his maſter ſtaid there, he taught it in his mother's tongue the four ſimple words—(and no more)—

to which I own'd myſelf ſo much its debtor.

Upon his maſter's going on for Italy—the lad had given it to the maſter of the hotel—But his little ſong for liberty, being in an *unknown* language at Paris, the bird had little or no ſtore ſet by him—ſo Le Fleur bought both him and his cage for me for a bottle of Burgundy.

In my return from Italy I brought him with me to the country in whoſe language he had learn'd his notes—and telling the ſtory of him to Lord A—Lord A begg'd the bird of me—in a week Lord A gave him to Lord B—Lord B made a preſent of him to Lord C—and Lord C's gentle-

gentleman ſold him to Lord D's for a ſhilling—Lord D gave him to Lord E—and ſo on—half round the alphabet—From that rank he paſs'd into the lower houſe, and paſs'd the hands of as many commoners——But as all theſe wanted to *get in*—and my bird wanted to *get out*—he had almoſt as little ſtore ſet by him in London as in Paris.

It is impoſſible but many of my readers muſt have heard of him; and if any by mere chance have ever ſeen him—I beg leave to inform them, that that bird was my bird—or ſome vile copy ſet up to repreſent him.

I have nothing further to add upon him, but that from that time to this,

I have borne this poor ſtarling as the creſt to my arms.—Thus :

—— And let the heralds officers twiſt his neck about if they dare.

THE

THE ADDRESS.

VERSAILLES.

I SHOULD not like to have my enemy take a view of my mind when I am going to aſk protection of any man; for which reaſon I generally endeavour to protect myſelf: but this going to Monſieur Le Duc de C**** was an act of compulſion—had it been an act of choice, I ſhould have done it, I ſuppoſe, like other people.

How many mean plans of dirty addreſs, as I went along, did my

ſervile heart form! I deſerved the Baſtile for every one of them.

Then nothing would ſerve me, when I got within ſight of Verſailles, but putting words and ſentences together, and conceiving attitudes and tones to wreath myſelf into Monſieur Le Duc de C****'s good graces—This will do, ſaid I—Juſt as well, retorted I again, as a coat carried up to him by an adventurous taylor, without taking his meaſure—Fool! continued I—ſee Monſieur Le Duc's face firſt—obſerve what character is written in it—take notice in what poſture he ſtands to hear you—mark the turns and expreſſions of

his

his body and limbs—And for the tone —the firſt ſound which comes from his lips will give it you; and from all theſe together you'll compound an addreſs at once upon the ſpot, which cannot diſguſt the Duke—the ingredients are his own, and moſt likely to go down.

Well! ſaid I, I wiſh it well over—Coward again! as if man to man was not equal throughout the whole ſurface of the globe; and if in the field —why not face to face in the cabinet too? And truſt me, Yorick, whenever it is not ſo man is falſe to himſelf, and betrays his own ſuccours ten times where nature does it once.

Go

Go to the Duc de C**** with the Baſtile in thy looks—My life for it, thou wilt be ſent back to Paris in half an hour, with an eſcort.

I believe ſo, ſaid I—Then I'll go to the Duke, by heaven! with all the gaiety and debonairneſs in the world.—

—And there you are wrong again, replied I—A heart at eaſe, Yorick, flies into no extremes—'tis ever on its center.—Well! well! cried I, as the coachman turn'd in at the gates, I find I ſhall do very well: and by the time he had wheel'd round the court, and brought me up to the door, I found myſelf ſo much the better for my own lecture, that I neither

neither aſcended the ſteps like a victim to juſtice, who was to part with life upon the topmoſt — nor did I mount them with a ſkip and a couple of ſtrides, as I do when I fly up, Eliza! to thee, to meet it.

As I enter'd the door of the ſaloon I was met by a perſon who poſſibly might be the maitre d'hotel, but had more the air of one of the under ſecretaries, who told me the Duc de C**** was buſy—I am utterly ignorant, ſaid I, of the forms of obtaining an audience, being an abſolute ſtranger, and what is worſe in the preſent conjuncture of affairs, being an Engliſhman too.——He replied, that did not increaſe the difficulty,—I made him

him a ſlight bow, and told him, I had ſomething of importance to ſay to Monſieur Le Duc. The ſecretary look'd towards the ſtairs, as if he was about to leave me to carry up this account to ſome one—But I muſt not miſlead you, ſaid I—for what I have to ſay is of no manner of importance to Monſieur Le Duc de C****—but of great importance to myſelf.—*C'eſt une autre affaire*, replied he——Not at all, ſaid I, to a man of gallantry.—But pray, good ſir, continued I, when can a ſtranger hope to have *acceſſe?*—In not leſs than two hours, ſaid he, looking at his watch. The number of equipages in the court-yard ſeem'd to juſtify the calculation, that I could have

have no nearer a proſpect—and as walking backwards and forwards in the ſaloon, without a ſoul to commune with, was for the time as bad as being in the Baſtile itſelf, I inſtantly went back to my *remiſe*, and bid the coachman drive me to the *cordon bleu*, which was the neareſt hotel.

I think there is a fatality in it—I ſeldom go to the place I ſet out for.

LE PATISSER.

VERSAILLES.

BEFORE I had got half-way down the ſtreet I changed my mind: as I am at Verſailles, thought I, I might as well take a view of the town; ſo I pull'd the cord, and ordered the coachman to drive round ſome of the principal ſtreets—I ſuppoſe the town is not very large, ſaid I.—The coachman begg'd pardon for ſetting me right, and told me it was very ſuperb, and that numbers of the firſt dukes and marquiſes and counts had hotels—The Count de B****, of

whom the bookſeller at the Quai de Conti had ſpoke ſo handſomely the night before, came inſtantly into my mind.—And why ſhould I not go, thought I, to the Count de B****, who has ſo high an idea of Engliſh books, and Engliſhmen—and tell him my ſtory? ſo I changed my mind a ſecond time—In truth it was the third; for I had intended that day for Madame de R**** in the Rue St. Pierre, and had devoutly ſent her word by her *fille de chambre* that I would aſſuredly wait upon her—but I am govern'd by circumſtances—I cannot govern them: ſo ſeeing a man ſtanding with a baſket on the other ſide of the ſtreet, as if he had ſomething to ſell, I bid Le Fleur go up

to

to him and enquire for the Count's hotel.

Le Fleur return'd a little pale; and told me it was a Chevalier de St. Louis ſelling *patès*—It is impoſſible, Le Fleur! ſaid I.—Le Fleur could no more account for the phenomenon than myſelf; but perſiſted in his ſtory: he had ſeen the croix ſet in gold, with its red ribband, he ſaid, tied to his button-hole—and had look'd into the baſket and ſeen the *patès* which the Chevalier was ſelling; ſo could not be miſtaken in that.

Such a reverſe in man's life awakens a better principle than curioſity: I could not help looking for ſome time

at him as I ſat in the *remiſe*—the more I look'd at him, his croix and his baſket, the ſtronger they wove themſelves into my brain—I got out of the *remiſe* and went towards him.

He was begirt with a clean linen apron which fell below his knees, and with a ſort of a bib went half way up his breaſt; upon the top of this, but a little below the hem, hung his croix. His baſket of little *patès* was cover'd over with a white damaſk napkin; another of the ſame kind was ſpread at the bottom; and there was a look of *propreté* and neatneſs throughout, that one might have bought his *patès* of him, as much from appetite as ſentiment.

He made an offer of them to neither; but ſtood ſtill with them at the corner of a hotel, for thoſe to buy who choſe it, without ſolicitation.

He was about forty-eight—of a ſedate look, ſomething approaching to gravity. I did not wonder.—I went up rather to the baſket than him, and having lifted up the napkin, and taken one of his *patès* into my hand—I begg'd he would explain the appearance which affected me.

He told me in a few words, that the beſt part of his life had paſs'd in the ſervice, in which, after ſpending a ſmall patrimony, he had obtain'd a company and the croix with it; but

but that at the concluſion of the laſt peace, his regiment being reformed, and the whole corps, with thoſe of ſome other regiments, left without any proviſion, he found himſelf in a wide world without friends, without a livre—and indeed, ſaid he, without any thing but this—(pointing, as he ſaid it, to his croix)—The poor chevalier won my pity, and he finiſh'd the ſcene with winning my eſteem too.

The king, he ſaid, was the moſt generous of princes, but his generoſity could neither relieve or reward every one, and it was only his misfortune to be amongſt the number. He had a little wife, he ſaid, whom

he loved, who did the *patiſſerie*; and added, he felt no diſhonour in defending her and himſelf from want in this way—unleſs Providence had offer'd him a better.

It would be wicked to with-hold a pleaſure from the good, in paſſing over what happen'd to this poor Chevalier of St. Louis about nine months after.

It ſeems he uſually took his ſtand near the iron gates which lead up to the palace, and as his croix had caught the eye of numbers, numbers had made the ſame enquiry which I had done — He had told them the ſame ſtory, and always with ſo

ſo much modeſty and good ſenſe, that it had reach'd at laſt the king's ears — who hearing the Chevalier had been a gallant officer, and reſpected by the whole regiment as a man of honour and integrity — he broke up his little trade by a penſion of fifteen hundred livres a year.

As I have told this to pleaſe the reader, I beg he will allow me to relate another out of its order, to pleaſe myſelf—the two ſtories reflect light upon each other—and 'tis a pity they ſhould be parted.

THE SWORD.

RENNES.

WHEN ſtates and empires have their periods of declenſion, and feel in their turns what diſtreſs and poverty is—I ſtop not to tell the cauſes which gradually brought the houſe d'E**** in Britany into decay. The Marquis d'E**** had fought up againſt his condition with great firmneſs; wiſhing to preſerve, and ſtill ſhew to the world, ſome little fragments of what his anceſtors had been—their indiſcretions had put it out of his power. There

was

was enough left for the little exigencies of *obſcurity*—But he had two boys who look'd up to him for *light*—he thought they deſerved it. He had tried his ſword—it could not open the way—the *mounting* was too expenſive—and ſimple œconomy was not a match for it—there was no reſource but commerce.

In any other province in France, ſave Britany, this was ſmiting the root for ever of the little tree his pride and affection wiſh'd to ſee reblooſſom—But in Britany, there being a proviſion for this, he avail'd himſelf of it; and taking an occaſion when the ſtates were aſſembled at Rennes,

the Marquis, attended with his two boys, enter'd the court; and having pleaded the right of an ancient law of the duchy, which, though ſeldom claim'd, he ſaid, was no leſs in force, he took his ſword from his ſide—Here, ſaid he, take it; and be truſty guardians of it, till better times put me in condition to reclaim it.

The preſident accepted the Marquis's ſword—he ſtaid a few minutes to ſee it depoſited in the archives of his houſe, and departed.

The Marquis and his whole family embarked the next day for Martinico, and in about nineteen or twenty years of ſucceſsful application to buſineſs,

ſineſs, with ſome unlook'd for bequeſts from diſtant branches of his houſe, return'd home to reclaim his nobility and to ſupport it.

It was an incident of good fortune which will never happen to any traveller, but a ſentimental one, that I ſhould be at Rennes at the very time of this ſolemn requiſition: I call it ſolemn—it was ſo to me.

The Marquis enter'd the court with his whole family: he ſupported his lady—his eldeſt ſon ſupported his ſiſter, and his youngeſt was at the other extreme of the line next his mother—he put his handkerchief to his face twice—

—There

—There was a dead ſilence. When the Marquis had approach'd within ſix paces of the tribunal, he gave the Marchioneſs to his youngeſt ſon, and advancing three ſteps before his family—he reclaim'd his ſword. His ſword was given him, and the moment he got it into his hand he drew it almoſt out of the ſcabbard—'twas the ſhining face of a friend he had once given up—he look'd attentively along it, beginning at the hilt, as if to ſee whether it was the ſame—when obſerving a little ruſt which it had contracted near the point, he brought it near his eye, and bending his head down over it—I think I ſaw a tear fall upon the place: I could not be deceived by what followed.

" I ſhall find, ſaid he, ſome *other* " *way* to get it off."

When the Marquis had ſaid this, he return'd his ſword into its ſcabbard, made a bow to the guardians of it—and, with his wife and daughter, and his two ſons following him, walk'd out.

O how I envied him his feelings!

THE

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

I FOUND no difficulty in getting admittance to Monſieur le Count de B****. The ſet of Shakeſpears was laid upon the table, and he was tumbling them over. I walk'd up cloſe to the table, and giving firſt ſuch a look at the books as to make him conceive I knew what they were—I told him I had come without any one to preſent me, knowing I ſhould meet with a friend in his apartment, who, I truſted, would do it for me—it is my countryman

the

the great Shakeſpear, ſaid I, pointing to his works—*et ayez la bontè, mon cher ami*, apoſtrophizing his ſpirit, added I, *de me faire cet honneur la.*——

The Count ſmil'd at the ſingularity of the introduction; and ſeeing I look'd a little pale and ſickly, inſiſted upon my taking an arm-chair: ſo I ſat down; and to ſave him conjectures upon a viſit ſo out of all rule, I told him ſimply of the incident in the bookſeller's ſhop, and how that had impell'd me rather to go to him with the ſtory of a little embarraſſment I was under, than to any other man in France—And what

is

is your embarraſſment? let me hear it, ſaid the Count. So I told him the ſtory juſt as I have told it the reader—

—And the maſter of my hotel, ſaid I, as I concluded it, will needs have it, Monſieur le Count, that I ſhall be ſent to the Baſtile—but I have no apprehenſions, continued I—for in falling into the hands of the moſt poliſh'd people in the world, and being conſcious I was a true man, and not come to ſpy the nakedneſs of the land, I ſcarce thought I laid at their mercy.—It does not ſuit the gallantry of the French, Monſieur le Count, ſaid I, to ſhew it againſt invalids.

An

An animated bluſh came into the Count de B****'s cheeks, as I ſpoke this—*Ne craignez rien*—Don't fear, ſaid he—Indeed I don't, replied I again—Beſides, continued I a little ſportingly, I have come laughing all the way from London to Paris, and I do not think Monſieur le Duc de Choiſeul is ſuch an enemy to mirth, as to ſend me back crying for my pains.

——My application to you, Monſieur le Count de B**** (making him a low bow) is to deſire he will not.

The Count heard me with great good nature, or I had not ſaid half

as

as much—and once or twice ſaid—*C'eſt bien dit.* So I reſted my cauſe there—and determined to ſay no more about it.

The Count led the diſcourſe: we talk'd of indifferent things—of books and politicks, and men—and then of women—God bleſs them all! ſaid I, after much diſcourſe about them—there is not a man upon earth who loves them ſo much as I do: after all the foibles I have ſeen, and all the ſatires I have read againſt them, ſtill I love them; being firmly perſuaded that a man, who has not a ſort of an affection for the whole ſex, is incapable of ever loving a ſingle one as he ought.

Heb

Heh bien! Monſieur l'Anglois, ſaid the Count, gaily—You are not come to ſpy the nakedneſs of the land—I believe you—*ni encore*, I dare ſay, *that* of our women—But permit me to conjecture—if, *par hazard*, they fell in your way, that the proſpect would not affect you.

I have ſomething within me which cannot bear the ſhock of the leaſt indecent inſinuation: in the ſportability of chit-chat I have often endeavoured to conquer it, and with infinite pain have hazarded a thouſand things to a dozen of the ſex together—the leaſt of which I could not venture to a ſingle one to gain heaven.

Excuſe me, Monſieur le Count, ſaid I—as for the nakedneſs of your land, if I ſaw it, I ſhould caſt my eyes over it with tears in them—and for that of your women (bluſhing at the idea he had excited in me) I am ſo evangelical in this, and have ſuch a fellow-feeling for whatever is *weak* about them, that I would cover it with a garment, if I knew how to throw it on—But I could wiſh, continued I, to ſpy the *nakedneſs* of their hearts, and through the different diſguiſes of cuſtoms, climates, and religion, find out what is good in them to faſhion my own by—and therefore am I come.

It is for this reaſon, Monſieur le Count, continued I, that I have not ſeen the Palais royal—nor the Luxembourg — nor the Façade of the Louvre—nor have attempted to ſwell the catalogues we have of pictures, ſtatues, and churches—I conceive every fair being as a temple, and would rather enter in, and ſee the original drawings and looſe ſketches hung up in it, than the transfiguration of Raphael itſelf.

The thirſt of this, continued I, as impatient as that which inflames the breaſt of the connoiſſeur, has led me from my own home into France—and from France will lead me through Italy—'tis a quiet journey

of the heart in purſuit of NATURE, and thoſe affections which riſe out of her, which make us love each other —and the world, better than we do.

The Count ſaid a great many civil things to me upon the occaſion; and added very politely how much he ſtood obliged to Shakeſpear for making me known to him—But, *a-propos*, ſaid he—Shakeſpear is full of great things—he forgot a ſmall punctilio of announcing your name —it puts you under a neceſſity of doing it yourſelf.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

THERE is not a more perplexing affair in life to me, than to ſet about telling any one who I am—for there is ſcarce any body I cannot give a better account of than of myſelf; and I have often wiſh'd I could do it in a ſingle word—and have an end of it. It was the only time and occaſion in my life I could accompliſh this to any purpoſe—for Shakeſpear lying upon the table, and recollecting I was in his books, I took up Hamlet, and turning immediately to the grave-diggers ſcene in

the fifth act, I laid my finger upon YORICK, and advancing the book to the Count, with my finger all the way over the name — Me! *Voici!* ſaid I.

Now whether the idea of poor Yorick's ſkull was put out of the Count's mind by the reality of my own, or by what magic he could drop a period of ſeven or eight hundred years, makes nothing in this account—'tis certain the French conceive better than they combine—I wonder at nothing in this world, and the leſs at this; inaſmuch as one of the firſt of our own church, for whoſe candour and paternal ſentiments I have the higheſt veneration, fell into

into the ſame miſtake in the very ſame caſe,—" He could not bear, he " ſaid, to look into ſermons wrote " by the king of Denmark's jeſter." —Good, my lord! ſaid I; but there are two Yoricks. The Yorick your lordſhip thinks of has been dead and buried eight hundred years ago; he flouriſh'd in Horwendillus's court—the other Yorick is myſelf, who have flouriſh'd my lord in no court—He ſhook his head—Good God! ſaid I, you might as well confound Alexander the Great, with Alexander the Copper-ſmith, my lord——'Twas all one, he replied—

—If Alexander king of Macedon could have tranſlated your lordſhip,

ſaid I, I'm ſure your lordſhip would not have ſaid ſo.

The poor Count de B**** fell but into the ſame *error*—

——*Et, Monſieur, eſt il Yorick?* cried the Count.—*Je le ſuis*, ſaid I. —*Vous?*—*Moi*—*moi qui ai l'honneur de vous parler, Monſieur le Compte*—*Mon Dieu!* ſaid he, embracing me—*Vous etes Yorick.*

The Count inſtantly put the Shakeſpear into his pocket, and left me alone in his room.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

I COULD not conceive why the Count de B**** had gone ſo abruptly out of the room, any more than I could conceive why he had put the Shakeſpear into his pocket—*Myſteries which muſt explain themſelves are not worth the loſs of time which a conjecture about them takes up:* 'twas better to read Shakeſpear; ſo taking up "*Much Ado about Nothing*," I tranſported myſelf inſtantly from the chair I ſat in to Meſſina in Sicily, and got ſo buſy with Don Pedro and Benedict

nedict and Beatrice, that I thought not of Verſailles, the Count, or the Paſſport.

Sweet pliability of man's ſpirit, that can at once ſurrender itſelf to illuſions, which cheat expectation and ſorrow of their weary moments!—
—Long—long ſince had ye number'd out my days, had I not trod ſo great a part of them upon this enchanted ground: when my way is too rough for my feet, or too ſteep for my ſtrength, I get off it, to ſome ſmooth velvet path which fancy has ſcattered over with roſe-buds of delights; and having taken a few turns in it, come back ſtrengthen'd and refreſh'd—
When evils preſs ſore upon me, and there

there is no retreat from them in this world, then I take a new courſe—I leave it—and as I have a clearer idea of the elyſian fields than I have of heaven, I force myſelf, like Æneas, into them —I ſee him meet the penſive ſhade of his forſaken Dido, and wiſh to recognize it—I ſee the injured ſpirit wave her head, and turn off ſilent from the author of her miſeries and diſhonours—I loſe the feelings for myſelf in hers, and in thoſe affections which were wont to make me mourn for her when I was at ſchool.

Surely this is not walking in a vain ſhadow—nor does man diſquiet himſelf in vain *by it*—he oftener does ſo in truſting

truſting the iſſue of his commotions to reaſon only.—I can ſafely ſay for myſelf, I was never able to conquer any one ſingle bad ſenſation in my heart ſo deciſively, as by beating up as faſt as I could for ſome kindly and gentle ſenſation to fight it upon its own ground.

When I had got to the end of the third act, the Count de B**** entered with my Paſſport in his hand. Monſ. le Duc de C****, ſaid the Count, is as good a prophet, I dare ſay, as he is a ſtateſman—*Un homme qui rit*, ſaid the duke, *ne ſera jamais dangereuz.*—Had it been for any one but the king's jeſter, added the Count,

I could

I could not have got it theſe two hours. — *Pardonnez moi*, Monſ. le Count, ſaid I—I am not the king's jeſter.—But you are Yorick?—Yes.—*Et vous plaiſantez?*—I anſwer'd, Indeed I did jeſt—but was not paid for it—'twas entirely at my own expence.

We have no jeſter at court, Monſ. le Count, ſaid I; the laſt we had was in the licentious reign of Charles the IId—ſince which time our manners have been ſo gradually refining, that our court at preſent is ſo full of patriots, who wiſh for *nothing* but the honours and wealth of their country—and our ladies are all ſo chaſte, ſo ſpotleſs, ſo good, ſo devout —there

—there is nothing for a jester to make a jest of—

Voila un persiflage! cried the Count.

THE

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

AS the Paſſport was directed to all lieutenant governors, governors, and commandants of cities, generals of armies, juſticiaries, and all officers of juſtice, to let Mr. Yorick, the king's jeſter, and his baggage, travel quietly along—I own the triumph of obtaining the Paſſport was not a little tarniſh'd by the figure I cut in it—But there is nothing unmix'd in this world; and ſome of the graveſt of our divines have carried it ſo far as to affirm, that enjoyment itſelf

itſelf was attended even with a ſigh—and that the greateſt *they knew of* terminated *in a general way*, in little better than a convulſion.

I remember the grave and learned Bevoriſkius, in his commentary upon the generations from Adam, very naturally breaks off in the middle of a note to give an account to the world of a couple of ſparrows upon the out-edge of his window, which had incommoded him all the time he wrote, and at laſt had entirely taken him off from his genealogy.

—'Tis ſtrange! writes Bevoriſkius; but the facts are certain, for I have had

had the curioſity to mark them down one by one with my pen—but the cock-ſparrow during the little time that I could have finiſhed the other half this note, has actually interrupted me with the reiteration of his careſſes three and twenty times and a half.

How merciful, adds Bevoriſkius, is heaven to his creatures!

Ill fated Yorick! that the graveſt of thy brethren ſhould be able to write that to the world, which ſtains thy face with crimſon, to copy in even thy ſtudy.

But this is nothing to my travels —So I twice—twice beg pardon for it.

CHA-

CHARACTER.

VERSAILLES.

AND how do you find the French? ſaid the Count de B****, after he had given me the Paſſport.

The reader may ſuppoſe, that after ſo obliging a proof of courteſy, I could not be at a loſs to ſay ſomething handſome to the enquiry.

—*Mais paſſe, pour cela*—Speak frankly, ſaid he; do you find all the urbanity in the French which the

world give us the honour of?—I had found every thing, I ſaid, which confirmed it—*Vraiment*, ſaid the Count. —*Les Francois ſont polis.*—To an exceſs, replied I.

The Count took notice of the word *exceſſe*; and would have it I meant more than I ſaid. I defended myſelf a long time as well as I could againſt it—he inſiſted I had a reſerve, and that I would ſpeak my opinion frankly.

I believe, Monſ. le Count, ſaid I, that man has a certain compaſs, as well as an inſtrument; and that the ſocial and other calls have occaſion by turns for every key in him; ſo

that

that if you begin a note too high or too low, there muſt be a want either in the upper or under part, to fill up the ſyſtem of harmony.—The Count de B**** did not underſtand muſic, ſo deſired me to explain it ſome other way. A poliſh'd nation, my dear Count, ſaid I, makes every one its debtor; and beſides, urbanity itſelf, like the fair ſex, has ſo many charms, it goes againſt the heart to ſay it can do ill; and yet, I believe, there is but a certain line of perfection, that man, take him altogether, is impower'd to arrive at —if he gets beyond, he rather exchanges qualities than gets them. I muſt not preſume to ſay, how far this has affected the French in the ſub-

ject we are ſpeaking of—but ſhould it ever be the caſe of the Engliſh, in the progreſs of their reſentments, to arrive at the ſame poliſh which diſtinguiſhes the French, if we did not loſe the *politeſſe de cœur*, which inclines men more to human actions, than courteous ones—we ſhould at leaſt loſe that diſtinct variety and originality of character, which diſtinguiſhes them, not only from each other, but from all the world beſides.

I had a few king William's ſhillings as ſmooth as glaſs in my pocket; and foreſeeing they would be of uſe in the illuſtration of my hypotheſis,

I had got them into my hand, when I had proceeded ſo far—

See, Monſ. le Count, ſaid I, riſing up, and laying them before him upon the table—by jingling and rubbing one againſt another for ſeventy years together in one body's pocket or another's, they are become ſo much alike, you can ſcarce diſtinguiſh one ſhilling from another.

The Engliſh, like antient medals, kept more apart, and paſſing but few peoples hands, preſerve the firſt ſharpneſſes which the fine hand of nature has given them—they are not ſo pleaſant to feel—but in return,

the legend is ſo viſible, that at the firſt look you ſee whoſe image and ſuperſcription they bear.—But the French, Monſ. le Count, added I (wiſhing to ſoften what I had ſaid) have ſo many excellencies, they can the better ſpare this—they are a loyal, a gallant, a generous, an ingenious, and good temper'd people as is under heaven—if they have a fault —they are too *ſerious*.

Mon Dieu! cried the Count, riſing out of his chair.

Mais vous plaiſantez, ſaid he, correcting his exclamation.—I laid my hand upon my breaſt, and with ear-

neſt gravity aſſured him, it was my moſt ſettled opinion.

The Count ſaid he was mortified, he could not ſtay to hear my reaſons, being engaged to go that moment to dine with the Duc de C****.

But if it is not too far to come to Verſailles to eat your ſoup with me, I beg, before you leave France, I may have the pleaſure of knowing you retract your opinion—or, in what manner you ſupport it.—But if you do ſupport it, Monſ. Anglois, ſaid he, you muſt do it with all your powers; becauſe you have the whole

world

world againſt you.—I promiſed the Count I would do myſelf the honour of dining with him before I ſet out for Italy—ſo took my leave.

THE TEMPTATION.

PARIS.

WHEN I alighted at the hotel, the porter told me a young woman with a band-box had been that moment enquiring for me.—I do not know, ſaid the porter, whether ſhe is gone away or no. I took the key of my chamber of him, and went up ſtairs; and when I had got within ten ſteps of the top of the landing before my door, I met her coming eaſily down.

It was the fair *fille de chambre* I had walked along the Quai de Conti with;

with: Madame de R**** had ſent her upon ſome commiſſions to a *merchande de modes* within a ſtep or two of the hotel de Modene; and as I had fail'd in waiting upon her, had bid her enquire if I had left Paris; and if ſo, whether I had not left a letter addreſs'd to her.

As the fair *fille de chambre* was ſo near my door ſhe turned back, and went into the room with me for a moment or two whilſt I wrote a card.

It was a fine ſtill evening in the latter end of the month of May—the crimſon window curtains (which were of the ſame colour of thoſe of

the

the bed) were drawn close—the ſun was ſetting, and reflected through them ſo warm a tint into the fair *fille de chambre*'s face—I thought ſhe bluſh'd—the idea of it made me bluſh myſelf—we were quite alone; and that ſuper-induced a ſecond bluſh before the firſt could get off.

There is a ſort of a pleaſing half guilty bluſh, where the blood is more in fault than the man—'tis ſent impetuous from the heart, and virtue flies after it—not to call it back, but to make the ſenſation of it more delicious to the nerves—'tis aſſociated.—

But

But I'll not deſcribe it.—I felt ſomething at firſt within me which was not in ſtrict uniſon with the leſſon of virtue I had given her the night before—I ſought five minutes for a card—I knew I had not one.—I took up a pen—I laid it down again—my hand trembled—the devil was in me.

I know as well as any one, he is an adverſary, whom if we reſiſt, he will fly from us—but I ſeldom reſiſt him at all; from a terror, that though I may conquer, I may ſtill get a hurt in the combat—ſo I give up the triumph for ſecurity; and inſtead of thinking to make him fly, I generally fly myſelf.

The fair *fille de chambre* came cloſe up to the bureau where I was looking for a card—took up firſt the pen I caſt down, then offered to hold me the ink: ſhe offer'd it ſo ſweetly, I was going to accept it—but I durſt not—I have nothing, my dear, ſaid I, to write upon.—Write it, ſaid ſhe, ſimply, upon any thing.—

I was juſt going to cry out, Then I will write it, fair girl! upon thy lips.—

If I do, ſaid I, I ſhall periſh—ſo I took her by the hand, and led her to the door, and begg'd ſhe would not forget the leſſon I had given her—She ſaid, Indeed ſhe would not—

and

and as ſhe utter'd it with ſome earneſtneſs, ſhe turn'd about, and gave me both her hands, cloſed together, into mine—it was impoſſible not to compreſs them in that ſituation—I wiſh'd to let them go; and all the time I held them, I kept arguing within myſelf againſt it—and ſtill I held them on.—In two minutes I found I had all the battle to fight over again—and I felt my legs and every limb about me tremble at the idea.

The foot of the bed was within a yard and a half of the place where we were ſtanding—I had ſtill hold of her hands—and how it happened I can give no account, but I neither aſk'd

aſk'd her—nor drew her—nor did I think of the bed—but ſo it did happen, we both ſat down.

I'll juſt ſhew you, ſaid the fair *fille de chambre*, the little purſe I have been making to-day to hold your crown. So ſhe put her hand into her right pocket, which was next me, and felt for it for ſome time—then into the left—"She had loſt it."—I never bore expectation more quietly—it was in her right pocket at laſt—ſhe pull'd it out; it was of green taffeta, lined with a little bit of white quilted ſattin, and juſt big enough to hold the crown—ſhe put it into my hand—it was pretty; and I held it ten minutes with the back of my hand

reſting upon her lap—looking ſometimes at the purſe, ſometimes on one ſide of it.

A ſtitch or two had broke out in the gathers of my ſtock—the fair *fille de chambre*, without ſaying a word, took out her little huſſive, threaded a ſmall needle, and ſew'd it up—I foreſaw it would hazard the glory of the day; and as ſhe paſs'd her hand in ſilence acroſs and acroſs my neck in the manœuvre, I felt the laurels ſhake which fancy had wreath'd about my head.

A ſtrap had given way in her walk, and the buckle of her ſhoe was juſt falling off—See, ſaid the *fille de chambre*,

chambre, holding up her foot—I could not for my ſoul but faſten the buckle in return, and putting in the ſtrap—and liſting up the other foot with it, when I had done, to ſee both were right—in doing it too ſuddenly—it unavoidably threw the fair *fille de chambre* off her center—and then—

THE CONQUEST.

YES—— and then—Ye whoſe clay-cold heads and luke-warm hearts can argue down or maſk your paſſions, tell me, what treſpaſs is it that man ſhould have them? or how his ſpirit ſtands anſwerable to the Father of ſpirits but for his conduct under them?

If nature has ſo wove her web of kindneſs, that ſome threads of love and deſire are entangled with the piece—muſt the whole web be rent in drawing them out?—Whip me ſuch ſtoics, great Governor of nature! ſaid

ſaid I to myſelf—Wherever thy Providence ſhall place me for the trials of my virtue—whatever is my danger—whatever is my ſituation—let me feel the movements which riſe out of it, and which belong to me as a man—and if I govern them as a good one, I will truſt the iſſues to thy juſtice; for thou haſt made us, and not we ourſelves.

As I finiſh'd my addreſs, I raiſed the fair *fille de chambre* up by the hand, and led her out of the room—ſhe ſtood by me till I lock'd the door and put the key in my pocket—*and then*—the victory being quite deciſive—and not till then, I

preſs'd my lips to her cheek, and, taking her by the hand again, led her ſafe to the gate of the hotel.

THE

THE MYSTERY.

PARIS.

IF a man knows the heart, he will know it was impoſſible to go back inſtantly to my chamber—it was touching a cold key with a flat third to it, upon the cloſe of a piece of muſick, which had call'd forth my affections—therefore, when I let go the hand of the *fille de chambre*, I remain'd at the gate of the hotel for ſome time, looking at every one who paſs'd by, and forming conjectures upon them, till my attention got fix'd

upon a ſingle object which confounded all kind of reaſoning upon him.

It was a tall figure of a philoſophic ſerious, aduſt look, which paſs'd and repaſs'd ſedately along the ſtreet, making a turn of about ſixty paces on each ſide of the gate of the hotel—the man was about fifty-two—had a ſmall cane under his arm—was dreſs'd in a dark drab-colour'd coat, waiſtcoat, and breeches, which ſeem'd to have ſeen ſome years ſervice—they were ſtill clean, and there was a little air of frugal *propertè* throughout him. By his pulling off his hat, and his attitude of accoſting a good many in his way, I ſaw he was aſking charity; ſo I got a ſous or

two out of my pocket ready to give him, as he took me in his turn—he paſs'd by me without aſking any thing—and yet did not go five ſteps further before he aſk'd charity of a little woman—I was much more likely to have given of the two—He had ſcarce done with the woman, when he pull'd off his hat to another who was coming the ſame way.—An ancient gentleman came ſlowly—and, after him, a young ſmart one—He let them both paſs, and aſk'd nothing: I ſtood obſerving him half an hour, in which time he had made a dozen turns backwards and forwards, and found that he invariably purſued the ſame plan.

There

There were two things very ſingular in this, which ſet my brain to work, and to no purpoſe—the firſt was, why the man ſhould *only* tell his ſtory to the ſex—and ſecondly—what kind of ſtory it was, and what ſpecies of eloquence it could be, which ſoften'd the hearts of the women, which he knew 'twas to no purpoſe to practiſe upon the men.

There were two other circumſtances which entangled this myſtery—the one was, he told every woman what he had to ſay in her ear, and in a way which had much more the air of a ſecret than a petition—the other was, it was always ſucceſsful—he never ſtopp'd a woman, but ſhe

pull'd

pull'd out her purſe, and immediately gave him ſomething.

I could form no ſyſtem to explain the phenomenon.

I had got a riddle to amuſe me for the reſt of the evening, ſo I walk'd up ſtairs to my chamber.

THE CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

PARIS.

I WAS immediately followed up by the maſter of the hotel, who came into my room to tell me I muſt provide lodgings elſewhere.—How ſo, friend? ſaid I.—He anſwer'd, I had had a young woman lock'd up with me two hours that evening in my bed-chamber, and 'twas againſt the rules of his houſe.—Very well, ſaid I, we'll all part friends then—for the girl is no worſe—and I am no worſe—and you will be juſt as I found you.——It was enough, he ſaid, to overthrow

overthrow the credit of his hotel.—*Voyez vous, Monſieur*, ſaid he, pointing to the foot of the bed we had been ſitting upon.—I own it had ſomething of the appearance of an evidence; but my pride not ſuffering me to enter into any detail of the caſe, I exhorted him to let his ſoul ſleep in peace, as I reſolved to let mine do that night, and that I would diſcharge what I owed him at breakfaſt.

I ſhould not have minded, *Monſieur*, ſaid he, if you had had twenty girls —'Tis a ſcore more, replied I, interrupting him, than I ever reckon'd upon—Provided, added he, it had been

been but in a morning.—And does the difference of the time of the day at Paris make a difference in the ſin? —It made a difference, he ſaid, in the ſcandal.—I like a good diſtinction in my heart; and cannot ſay I was intolerably out of temper with the man.—I own it is neceſſary, re-aſſumed the maſter of the hotel, that a ſtranger at Paris ſhould have the opportunities preſented to him of buying lace and ſilk ſtockings and ruffles, *et tout cela*—and 'tis nothing if a woman comes with a band-box.——O' my conſcience, ſaid I, ſhe had one; but I never look'd into it.—Then, *Monſieur*, ſaid he, has bought nothing.—Not one earthly thing, replied I.—Becauſe, ſaid he, I could recom-

mend one to you who would uſe you *en conſcience.*—But I muſt ſee her this night, ſaid I.—He made me a low bow and walk'd down.

Now ſhall I triumph over this *maitre d'hotel*, cried I—and what then?—Then I ſhall let him ſee I know he is a dirty fellow.—And what then?—What then!—I was too near myſelf to ſay it was for the ſake of others.—I had no good anſwer left—there was more of ſpleen than principle in my project, and I was ſick of it before the execution.

In a few minutes the Griſſet came in with her box of lace—I'll buy nothing

nothing however, ſaid I, within myſelf.

The Griſſet would ſhew me every thing — I was hard to pleaſe: ſhe would not ſeem to ſee it; ſhe open'd her little magazine, laid all her laces one after another before me — unfolded and folded them up again one by one with the moſt patient ſweetneſs — I might buy — or not — ſhe would let me have every thing at my own price — the poor creature ſeem'd anxious to get a penny; and laid herſelf out to win me, and not ſo much in a manner which ſeem'd artful, as in one I felt ſimple and careſſing.

If there is not a fund of honeſt cullibility in man, ſo much the worſe —my heart relented, and I gave up my ſecond reſolution as quietly as the firſt—Why ſhould I chaſtiſe one for the treſpaſs of another? If thou art tributary to this tyrant of an haſt, thought I, looking up in her face, ſo much harder is thy bread.

If I had not had more than four *Louis d'ors* in my purſe, there was no ſuch thing as riſing up and ſhewing her the door, till I had firſt laid three of them out in a pair of ruffles.

—The maſter of the hotel will ſhare the profit with her—no mat-

ter—then I have only paid as many a poor ſoul has *paid* before me for an act he *could* not do, or think of.

THE RIDDLE.

PARIS.

WHEN La Fleur came up to wait upon me at ſupper, he told me how ſorry the maſter of the hotel was for his affront to me in bidding me change my lodgings.

A man who values a good night's reſt will not lay down with enmity in his heart if he can help it—So I bid La Fleur tell the maſter of the hotel, that I was ſorry on my ſide for the occaſion I had given him—

and you may tell him, if you will, La Fleur, added I, that if the young woman ſhould call again, I ſhall not ſee her.

This was a ſacrifice not to him, but myſelf, having reſolved, after ſo narrow an eſcape, to run no more riſks, but to leave Paris, if it was poſſible, with all the virtue I enter'd in.

C'eſt deroger à nobleſſe, Monſieur, ſaid La Fleur, making me a bow down to the ground as he ſaid it—*Et encore Monſieur*, ſaid he, may change his ſentiments—and if (*par hazard*) he ſhould like to amuſe himſelf—

I find

I find no amuſement in it, ſaid I, interrupting him—

Mon Dieu! ſaid La Fleur—and took away.

In an hour's time he came to put me to bed, and was more than commonly officious — ſomething hung upon his lips to ſay to me, or aſk me, which he could not get off: I could not conceive what it was; and indeed gave myſelf little trouble to find it out, as I had another riddle ſo much more intereſting upon my mind, which was that of the man's aſking charity before the door of the hotel —I would have given any thing to have got to the bottom of it; and

that, not out of curioſity — 'tis ſo low a principle of enquiry, in general, I would not purchaſe the gratification of it with a two-ſous piece— but a ſecret, I thought, which ſo ſoon and ſo certainly ſoften'd the heart of every woman you came near, was a ſecret at leaſt equal to the philoſopher's ſtone: had I had both the Indies, I would have given up one to have been maſter of it.

I toſs'd and turn'd it almoſt all night long in my brains to no manner of purpoſe; and when I awoke in the morning, I found my ſpirit as much troubled with my *dreams*, as ever the king of Babylon had been

with his; and I will not hesitate to affirm, it would have puzzled all the wise men of Paris, as much as those of Chaldea, to have given its interpretation.

LE DIMANCHE;

PARIS.

IT was Sunday; and when La Fleur came in, in the morning, with my coffee and role and butter, he had got himſelf ſo gallantly array'd, I ſcarce knew him.

I had covenanted at Montreal to give him a new hat with a ſilver button and loop, and four Louis d'ors *pour s'adoniſer*, when we got to Paris; and the poor fellow, to do him juſtice, had done wonders with it.

He had bought a bright, clean, good ſcarlet coat and a pair of breeches of the ſame—They were not a crown worſe, he ſaid, for the wearing—I wiſh'd him hang'd for telling me—They look'd ſo freſh, that tho' I knew the thing could not be done, yet I would rather have impoſed upon my fancy with thinking I had bought them new for the fellow, than that they had come out of the *Rue de friperie.*

This is a nicety which makes not the heart ſore at Paris.

He had purchaſed moreover a handſome blue ſattin waiſtcoat, fancifully enough embroidered — this was

was indeed ſomething the worſe for the ſervices it had done, but 'twas clean ſcour'd — the gold had been touch'd up, and upon the whole was rather ſhowy than otherwiſe—and as the blue was not violent, it ſuited with the coat and breeches very well: he had ſqueez'd out of the money, moreover, a new bag and a ſolitaire; and had inſiſted with the *fripier*, upon a gold pair of garters to his breeches knees—He had purchaſed muſlin ruffles, *bien brodées*, with four livres of his own money—and a pair of white ſilk ſtockings for five more —and, to top all, nature had given him a handſome figure without coſting him a ſous.

He

He enter'd the room thus ſet off, with his hair dreſs'd in the firſt ſtile, and with a handſome *bouquet* in his breaſt—in a word, there was that look of feſtivity in every thing about him, which at once put me in mind it was Sunday — and by combining both together, it inſtantly ſtruck me, that the favour he wiſh'd to aſk'd of me the night before, was to ſpend the day, as every body in Paris ſpent it, beſides. I had ſcarce made the conjecture, when La Fleur, with infinite humility, but with a look of truſt, as if I ſhould not refuſe him, begg'd I would grant him the day, *pour faire le galant vis à vis de ſa maitreſſe.*

Now

Now it was the very thing I intended to do myſelf *vis à vis* Madame de R **** — I had retain'd the *remiſe* on purpoſe for it, and it would not have mortified my vanity to have had a ſervant ſo well dreſs'd as La Fleur was to have got up behind it: I never could have worſe ſpared him.

But we muſt *feel*, not argue in theſe embarraſſments—the ſons and daughters of ſervice part with liberty, but not with Nature in their contracts; they are fleſh and blood, and have their little vanities and wiſhes in the midſt of the houſe of bondage, as well as their taſk-maſters

—no

—no doubt, they have ſet their ſelf-denials at a price—and their expectations are ſo unreaſonable, that I would often diſappoint them, but that their condition puts it ſo much in my power to do it.

Behold! — *Behold, I am thy ſervant* — diſarms me at once of the powers of a maſter—

— Thou ſhalt go, La Fleur! ſaid I.

—And what miſtreſs, La Fleur, ſaid I, canſt thou have pick'd up in ſo little a time at Paris? La Fleur laid his hand upon his breaſt, and ſaid 'twas

a *petite*

a *petite demoiſelle* at Monſieur le Count de B***'s. — La Fleur had a heart made for ſociety; and, to ſpeak the truth of him, let as few occaſions ſlip him as his maſter — ſo that ſome how or other; but how — heaven knows — he had connected himſelf with the *demoiſelle* upon the landing of the ſtair-caſe, during the time I was taken up with my Paſſport; and as there was time enough for me to win the Count to my intereſt, La Fleur had contrived to make it do to win the maid to his —The family, it ſeems, was to be at Paris that day, and he had made a party with her, and two or three more of the Count's houſhold, upon the *boulevards*.

Happy

Happy people! that once a week at leaſt are ſure to lay down all your cares together, and dance and ſing and ſport away the weights of grievance, which bow down the ſpirit of other nations to the earth.

THE

THE FRAGMENT.

PARIS.

LA Fleur had left me ſomething to to amuſe myſelf with for the day more than I had bargain'd for, or could have enter'd either into his head or mine.

He had brought the little print of butter upon a currant leaf; and as the morning was warm, and he had begg'd a ſheet of waſte paper to put betwixt the currant leaf and his hand —As that was plate ſufficient, I bad him lay it upon the table as it was, and

and as I reſolved to ſtay within all day, I ordered him to call upon the *traiteur* to beſpeak my dinner, and leave me to breakfaſt by myſelf.

When I had finiſh'd the butter, I threw the currant leaf out of the window, and was going to do the ſame by the waſte paper—but ſtopping to read a line firſt, and that drawing me on to a ſecond and third—I thought it better worth; ſo I ſhut the window, and drawing a chair up to it, I ſat down to read it.

It was in the old French of Rabelais's time, and for ought I know might have been wrote by him—it was moreover in a Gothic letter, and that

ſo faded and gone off by damps and length of time, it coſt me infinite trouble to make any thing of it—I threw it down; and then wrote a letter to Eugenius—then I took it up again, and embroiled my patience with it afreſh—and then to cure that, I wrote a letter to Eliza.—Still it kept hold of me; and the difficulty of underſtanding it increaſed but the deſire.

I got my dinner; and after I had enlightened my mind with a bottle of Burgundy, I at it again—and after two or three hours poring upon it, with almoſt as deep attention as ever Gruter or Jacob Spon did upon a nonſenſical inſcription, I thought I made

made ſenſe of it; but to make ſure of it, the beſt way, I imagined, was to turn it into Engliſh, and ſee how it would look then—ſo I went on leiſurely, as a trifling man does, ſometimes writing a ſentence—then taking a turn or two—and then looking how the world went, out of the window; ſo that it was nine o'clock at night before I had done it—I then begun and read it as follows.

THE FRAGMENT.

PARIS.

——Now as the notary's wife diſputed the point with the notary with too much heat—I wiſh, ſaid the notary (throwing down the parchment) that there was another notary here only to ſet down and atteſt all this——

—And what would you do then, Monſieur? ſaid ſhe, riſing haſtily up—the notary's wife was a little ſume of a woman, and the notary thought it well

well to avoid a hurricane by a mild reply—I would go, anſwer'd he, to bed.——You may go to the devil, anſwer'd the notary's wife.

Now there happening to be but one bed in the houſe, the other two rooms being unfurniſh'd, as is the cuſtom at Paris, and the notary not caring to lie in the ſame bed with a woman who had but that moment ſent him pell-mell to the devil, went forth with his hat and cane and ſhort cloak, the night being very windy, and walk'd out ill at eaſe towards the *Pont Neuf*.

Of all the bridges which ever were built, the whole world who have

paſs'd over the *Pont Neuf*, muſt own, that it is the nobleſt—the fineſt—the grandeſt—the lighteſt—the longeſt—the broadeſt that ever conjoin'd land and land together upon the face of the terraqueous globe——

By this, it ſeems, as if the author of the fragment had not been a Frenchman.

The worſt fault which divines and the doctors of the Sorbonne can alledge againſt it, is, that if there is but a cap-full of wind in or about Paris, 'tis more blaſphemouſly *facre Dieu*'d there than in any other aperture of the whole city—and with reaſon,

ſon, good and cogent Meſſieurs; for it comes againſt you without crying *garde d'eau*, and with ſuch unpremeditable puffs, that of the few who croſs it with their hats on, not one in fifty but hazards two livres and a half, which is its full worth.

The poor notary, juſt as he was paſſing by the ſentry, inſtinctively clapp'd his cane to the ſide of it, but in raiſing it up the point of his cane catching hold of the loop of the ſentinel's hat hoiſted it over the ſpikes of the balluſtrade clear into the Seine——

—*'Tis an ill wind*, ſaid a boatſman, who catch'd it, *which blows no body any good.*

The ſentry being a gaſcon incontinently twirl'd up his whiſkers, and levell'd his harquebuſs,

Harquebuſſes in thoſe days went off with matches; and an old woman's paper lantern at the end of the bridge happening to be blown out, ſhe had borrow'd the ſentry's match to light it—it gave a moment's time for the gaſcon's blood to run cool, and turn the accident better to his advantage—*'Tis an ill wind*, ſaid he, catching off the notary's caſtor, and

legi-

legitimating the capture with the boatman's adage.

The poor notary croſs'd the bridge, and paſſing along the rue de Dauphine into the fauxbourgs of St. Germain, lamented himſelf as he walk'd along in this manner :

Luckleſs man that I am ! ſaid the notary, to be the ſport of hurricanes all my days—to be born to have the ſtorm of ill language level'd againſt me and my profeſſion wherever I go—to be forced into marriage by the thunder of the church to a tempeſt of a woman—to be driven forth out of my houſe by domeſtic

domeſtic winds, and deſpoil'd of my caſtor by pontific ones—to be here, bare-headed, in a windy night at the mercy of the ebbs and flows of accidents—where am I to lay my head?—miſerable man! what wind in the two-and-thirty points of the whole compaſs can blow unto thee, as it does to the reſt of thy fellow creatures, good!

As the notary was paſſing on by a dark paſſage, complaining in this ſort, a voice call'd out to a girl, to bid her run for the next notary—now the notary being the next, and availing himſelf of his ſituation, walk'd up the paſſage to the door, and paſſ-

ing through an old ſort of a ſaloon, was uſher'd into a large chamber diſmantled of every thing but a long military pike—a breaſt plate—a ruſty old ſword, and bandoleer, hung up equi-diſtant in four different places againſt the wall.

An old perſonage, who had heretofore been a gentleman, and, unleſs decay of fortune taints the blood along with it, was a gentleman at that time, lay ſupporting his head upon his hand in his bed; a little table with a taper burning was ſet cloſe beſide it, and cloſe by the table was placed a chair—the notary ſat him down in it; and pulling out his ink-horn and a ſheet or two of paper which he had in his

pocket,

pocket, he placed them before him, and dipping his pen in his ink, and leaning his breaſt over the table, he diſpoſed every thing to make the gentleman's laſt will and teſtament.

Alas! Monſieur le Notaire, ſaid the gentleman, raiſing himſelf up a little, I have nothing to bequeath which will pay the expence of bequeathing, except the hiſtory of myſelf, which I could not die in peace unleſs I left it as a legacy to the world; the profits ariſing out of it I bequeath to you for the pains of taking it from me—it is a ſtory ſo uncommon, it muſt be read by all man-

mankind—it will make the fortunes of your houſe—the notary dipp'd his pen into his ink-horn—Almighty director of every event in my life! ſaid the old gentleman, looking up earneſtly and raiſing his hands towards heaven—thou whoſe hand has led me on through ſuch a labyrinth of ſtrange paſſages down into this ſcene of deſolation, aſſiſt the decaying memory of an old, infirm, and broken-hearted man—direct my tongue, by the ſpirit of thy eternal truth, that this ſtranger may ſet down naught but what is written in that Book, from whoſe records, ſaid he, claſping his hands together, I am to be condemn'd or acquitted!—the notary held up

the

the point of his pen betwixt the taper and his eye—

—It is a ſtory, Monſieur le Notaire, ſaid the gentleman, which will rouſe up every affection in nature—it will kill the humane, and touch the heart of cruelty herſelf with pity—

—The notary was inflamed with a deſire to begin, and put his pen a third time into his ink-horn—and the old gentleman turning a little more towards the notary, began to dictate his ſtory in theſe words—

—And

—And where is the reſt of it, La Fleur? ſaid I, as he juſt then enter'd the room.

THE

THE FRAGMENT

AND THE *BOUQUET.

PARIS.

WHEN La Fleur came up close to the table, and was made to comprehend what I wanted, he told me there were only two other sheets of it which he had wrapt round the stalks of a *bouquet* to keep it together, which he had presented to the *demoiselle* upon the *boulevards*—Then, prithee,

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* Nosegay.

prithee, La Fleur, ſaid I, ſtep back to her to the Count de B****'s hotel, and *ſee if you canſt get*—There is no doubt of it, ſaid La Fleur—and away he flew.

In a very little time the poor fellow came back quite out of breath, with deeper marks of diſappointment in his looks than could ariſe from the ſimple irreparability of the fragment —*Juſte ciel!* in leſs than two minutes that the poor fellow had taken his laſt tender farewel of her—his faithleſs miſtreſs had given his *gage d'amour* to one of the Count's footmen—the footman to a young ſempſtreſs—and the ſempſtreſs to a fiddler, with my fragment at the end of it—

Our misfortunes were involved together—I gave a ſigh—and La Fleur echo'd it back again to my ear—

—How perfidious! cried La Fleur —How unlucky! ſaid I.—

—I ſhould not have been mortified, Monſieur, quoth La Fleur, if ſhe had loſt it—Nor I, La Fleur, ſaid I, had I found it.

Whether I did or no will be ſeen hereafter.

THE ACT OF CHARITY.

PARIS.

THE man who either diſdains or fears to walk up a dark entry may be an excellent good man, and fit for a hundred things; but he will not do to make a good ſentimental traveller. I count little of the many things I ſee paſs at broad noon day, in large and open ſtreets.—Nature is ſhy, and hates to act before ſpectators; but in ſuch an unobſerved corner you ſometimes ſee a ſingle ſhort ſcene of her's worth all the ſentiments of a dozen French plays compounded together—and yet

they are *abſolutely* fine;—and whenever I have a more brilliant affair upon my hands than common, as they ſuit a preacher juſt as well as a hero, I generally make my ſermon out of 'em—and for the text—"Cappadoſia, Pontus and Aſia, Phrygia "and Pamphilia"—is as good as any one in the Bible.

There is a long dark paſſage iſſuing out from the opera comique into a narrow ſtreet; 'tis trod by a few who humbly wait for a *fiacre* *, or wiſh to get off quietly o'foot when the opera is done. At the end of it, towards the theatre, 'tis lighted by a ſmall candle,

* Hackney-coach.

the light of which is almoſt loſt before you get half-way down, but near the door—'tis more for ornament than uſe: you ſee it as a fix'd ſtar of the leaſt magnitude; it burns—but does little good to the world, that we know of.

In returning along this paſſage, I diſcern'd, as I approach'd within five or ſix paces of the door, two ladies ſtanding arm in arm, with their backs againſt the wall, waiting, as I imagined, for a *fiacre*—as they were next the door, I thought they had a prior right; ſo edged myſelf up within a yard or little more of them, and quietly took my ſtand—I was in black, and ſcarce ſeen.

The lady next me was a tall lean figure of a woman of about thirty-ſix; the other of the ſame ſize and make, of about forty; there was no mark of wife or widow in any one part of either of them—they ſeem'd to be two upright veſtal ſiſters, unſapp'd by careſſes, unbroke in upon by tender ſalutations: I could have wiſh'd to have made them happy—their happineſs was deſtin'd, that night, to come from another quarter.

A low voice, with a good turn of expreſſion, and ſweet cadence at the end of it, begg'd for a twelve-ſous piece betwixt them, for the love of heaven. I thought it ſingular, that a beggar

a beggar ſhould fix the quota of an alms—and that the ſum ſhould be twelve times as much as what is uſually given in the dark. They both ſeemed aſtoniſh'd at it as much as myſelf.—Twelve ſous! ſaid one—A twelve-ſous piece! ſaid the other—and made no reply.

The poor man ſaid, He knew not how to aſk leſs of ladies of their rank; and bow'd down his head to the ground.

Poo! ſaid they—we have no money.

The beggar remained ſilent for a moment or two, and renew'd his ſupplication.

Do not, my fair young ladies, ſaid he, ſtop your good ears againſt me —Upon my word, honeſt man! ſaid the younger, we have no change— Then God bleſs you, ſaid the poor man, and multiply thoſe joys which you can give to others without change!—I obſerved the elder ſiſter put her hand into her pocket—I'll ſee, ſaid ſhe, if I have a ſous.—A ſous! give twelve, ſaid the ſuppli-cant; Nature has been bountiful to you, be bountiful to a poor man.

I would, friend, with all my heart, ſaid the younger, if I had it.

My fair charitable! ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to the elder—

What

What is it but your goodneſs and humanity which makes your bright eyes ſo ſweet, that they outſhine the morning even in this dark paſſage? and what was it which made the Marquis de Santerre and his brother ſay ſo much of you both as they juſt paſs'd by?

The two ladies ſeemed much affected; and impulſively at the ſame time they both put their hands into their pocket, and each took out a twelve-ſous piece.

The conteſt betwixt them and the poor ſupplicant was no more—it was continued betwixt themſelves, which

of the two ſhould give the twelve-ſous piece in charity—and to end the diſpute, they both gave it together, and the man went away.

The Riddle Explained.

PARIS.

I Stepp'd haſtily after him: it was the very man whoſe ſucceſs in aſking charity of the women before the door of the hotel had ſo puzzled me—and I found at once his ſecret, or at leaſt the baſis of it—'twas flattery.

Delicious eſſence! how refreſhing art thou to nature! how ſtrongly are all its powers and all its weakneſſes on thy ſide! how ſweetly doſt thou mix with the blood, and help it through the moſt difficult and tortuous paſſages to the heart!

The poor man, as he was not ſtraighten'd for time, had given it here in a larger doſe: 'tis certain he had a way of bringing it into leſs form, for the many ſudden caſes he had to do with in the ſtreets; but how he contrived to correct, ſweeten, concentre, and qualify it—I vex not my ſpirit with the inquiry—it is enough, the beggar gain'd two twelve-ſous pieces—and they can beſt tell the reſt, who have gain'd much greater matters by it.

PARIS.

PARIS.

WE get forwards in the world not ſo much by doing ſervices, as receiving them: you take a withering twig, and put it in the ground; and then you water it, becauſe you have planted it.

Monſ. le Count de B****, merely becauſe he had done me one kindneſs in the affair of my Paſſport, would go on and do me another, the few days he was at Paris, in making me known to a few people of rank; and they were to preſent me to others, and ſo on.

I had

I had got maſter of my *ſecret* juſt in time to turn theſe honours to ſome little account; otherwiſe, as is commonly the caſe, I ſhould have din'd or ſupp'd a ſingle time or two round, and then by *tranſlating* French looks and attitudes into plain Engliſh, I ſhould preſently have ſeen, that I had got hold of the *couvert* * of ſome more entertaining gueſt; and in courſe ſhould have reſigned all my places one after another, merely upon the principle that I could not keep them.—As it was, things did not go much amiſs.

I had the honour of being introduced to the old Marquis de B****:

* Plate, napkin, knife, fork, and ſpoon.

in

in days of yore he had ſignaliz'd himſelf by ſome ſmall feats of chivalry in the *Cour d'amour*, and had dreſs'd himſelf out to the idea of tilts and tournaments ever ſince—the Marquis de B**** wiſh'd to have it thought the affair was ſomewhere elſe than in his brain. "He could "like to take a trip to England," and aſk'd much of the Engliſh ladies. Stay where you are, I beſeech you, Monſ. le Marquiſe, ſaid I—Les Meſſrs. Angloiſe can ſcarce get a kind look from them as it is.—The Marquis invited me to ſupper.

Monſ. P**** the farmer-general was juſt as inquiſitive about our taxes.—They were very conſiderable, he

he heard—If we knew but how to collect them, ſaid I, making him a low bow.

I could never have been invited to Monſ. P****'s concerts upon any other terms.

I had been miſrepreſented to Madame de Q*** as an *eſprit* — Madam de Q*** was an *eſprit* herſelf; ſhe burnt with impatience to ſee me, and hear me talk. I had not taken my ſeat, before I ſaw ſhe did not care a ſous whether I had any wit or no—I was let in, to be convinced ſhe had.—I call heaven to witneſs I never once open'd the door of my lips.

Madame de V*** vow'd to every creature ſhe met, "She had never "had a more improving conver- "ſation with a man in her life."

There are three epochas in the empire of a French-woman—She is coquette—then deiſt—then *devôte*: the empire during theſe is never loſt —ſhe only changes her ſubjects: when thirty-five years and more have unpeopled her dominions of the ſlaves of love, ſhe re-peoples it with ſlaves of infidelity—and then with the ſlaves of the church.

Madame de V*** was vibrating betwixt the firſt of theſe epochas: the colour of the roſe was ſhading

faſt away—ſhe ought to have been a deiſt five years before the time I had the honour to pay my firſt viſit.

She placed me upon the ſame ſopha with her, for the ſake of diſputing the point of religion more cloſely.—In ſhort, Madame de V*** told me ſhe believed nothing.

I told Madame de V*** it might be her principle; but I was ſure it could not be her intereſt to level the outworks, without which I could not conceive how ſuch a citadel as her's could be defended—that there was not a more dangerous thing in the world, than for a beauty to be a deiſt—that it was a debt I owed my

creed,

creed, not to conceal it from her—that I had not been five minutes ſat upon the ſopha beſides her, but I had begun to form deſigns—and what is it, but the ſentiments of religion, and the perſuaſion they had exiſted in her breaſt, which could have check'd them as they roſe up?

We are not adamant, ſaid I, taking hold of her hand—and there is need of all reſtraints, till age in her own time ſteals in and lays them on us—but, my dear lady, ſaid I, kiſſing her hand—'tis too—too ſoon—

I declare I had the credit all over Paris of unperverting Madame de V***.—She affirmed to Monſ.

D*** and the Abbe M***, that in one half hour I had ſaid more for revealed religion, than all their Encyclopedia had ſaid againſt it—I was liſted directly into Madame de V***'s *Coterie*—and ſhe put off the epocha of deiſm for two years.

I remember it was in this *Coterie*, in the middle of a diſcourſe, in which I was ſhewing the neceſſity of a *firſt cauſe*, that the young Count de Faineant took me by the hand to the furtheſt corner of the room, to tell me my *ſolitaire* was pinn'd too ſtrait about by neck—It ſhould be *plus badinant*, ſaid the Count, looking down upon his own—but a word, Monſ. Yorick, to *the wiſe*—

—And from the wife, Monſ. le Count, replied I, making him a bow—*is enough.*

The Count de Faineant embraced me with more ardour than ever I was embraced by mortal man.

For three weeks together, I was of every man's opinion I met.—*Pardi! ce Monſ. Yorick a autant d'eſprit que nous autres.*——*Il raiſonne bien*, ſaid another.—*'Ceſt un bon enfant*, ſaid a third.—And at this price I could have eaten and drank and been merry all the days of my life at Paris; but 'twas a diſhoneſt *reckoning*—I grew aſhamed of it—it was the gain of a ſlave—

every ſentiment of honour revolted againſt it — the higher I got, the more was I forced upon my *beggarly ſyſtem* — the better the *Coterie* — the more children of Art — I languiſh'd for thoſe of Nature: and one night, after a moſt vile proſtitution of myſelf to half a dozen different people, I grew ſick — went to bed — order'd La Fleur to get me horſes in the morning to ſet out for Italy.

MARIA.

MOULINES.

I NEVER felt what the diſtreſs of plenty was in any one ſhape till now—to travel it through the Bourbonnois, the ſweeteſt part of France—in the hey-day of the vintage, when Nature is pouring her abundance into every one's lap, and every eye is lifted up—a journey through each ſtep of which muſic beats time to *Labour*, and all her children are rejoicing as they carry in their cluſters—to paſs through this with my affections flying out, and kindling at every

group before me—and every one of 'em was pregnant with adventures.

Juſt heaven! — it would fill up twenty volumes—and alas! I have but a few ſmall pages left of this to croud it into — and half of theſe muſt be taken up with the poor Maria my friend, Mr. Shandy, met with near Moulines.

The ſtory he had told of that diſorder'd maid affect'd me not a little in the reading; but when I got within the neighbourhood where ſhe lived, it returned ſo ſtrong into my mind, that I could not reſiſt an impulſe which prompted me to go half a league out of the road to the village

where

where her parents dwelt to enquire after her.

'Tis going, I own, like the Knight of the Woeful Countenance, in queſt of melancholy adventures — but I know not how it is, but I am never ſo perfectly conſcious of the exiſtence of a ſoul within me, as when I am entangled in them.

The old mother came to the door, her looks told me the ſtory before ſhe open'd her mouth—She had loſt her huſband; he had died, ſhe ſaid, of anguiſh, for the loſs of Maria's ſenſes about a month before. — She had feared at firſt, ſhe added, that it would have plunder'd her poor girl

of

of what little underſtanding was left—but, on the contrary, it had brought her more to herſelf—ſtill ſhe could not reſt—her poor daughter, ſhe ſaid, crying, was wandering ſomewhere about the road—

—Why does my pulſe beat languid as I write this? and what made La Fleur, whoſe heart ſeem'd only to be tuned to joy, to paſs the back of his hand twice acroſs his eyes, as the woman ſtood and told it? I beckon'd to the poſtilion to turn back into the road.

When we had got within half a league of Moulines, at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, I

diſcovered

diſcovered poor Maria ſitting under a poplar—ſhe was ſitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one ſide within her hand—a ſmall brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bid the poſtilion go on with the chaiſe to Moulines—and La Fleur to beſpeak my ſupper—and that I would walk after him.

She was dreſs'd in white, and much as my friend deſcribed her, except that her hair hung looſe, which before was twiſted within a ſilk net.—She had, ſuperadded likewiſe to her jacket, a pale green ribband which fell acroſs her ſhoulder to the waiſt; at the end

of

of which hung her pipe.—Her goat had been as faithleſs as her lover; and ſhe had got a little dog in lieu of him, which ſhe had kept tied by a ſtring to her girdle; as I look'd at her dog, ſhe drew him towards her with the ſtring.—"Thou ſhalt not "leave me, Sylvio," ſaid ſhe. I look'd in Maria's eyes, and ſaw ſhe was thinking more of her father than of her lover or her little goat; for as ſhe utter'd them the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I ſat down cloſe by her; and Maria let me wipe them away as they fell with my handkerchief.—I then ſteep'd it in my own—and then in hers—and then in mine—and then

I wip'd

I wip'd hers again—and as I did it, I felt ſuch undeſcribable emotions within me, as I am ſure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am poſitive I have a ſoul; nor can all the books with which mater'alifts have peſter'd the world ever convince me of the contrary.

MARIA.

MARIA.

WHEN Maria had come a little to herſelf, I aſk'd her if ſhe remember'd a pale thin perſon of a man who had ſat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before? She ſaid, ſhe was unſettled much at that time, but remember'd it upon two accounts—that ill as ſhe was ſhe ſaw the perſon pitied her; and next, that her goat had ſtolen his handkerchief, and ſhe had beat him for the theft—ſhe had waſh'd it, ſhe ſaid, in the brook, and kept it ever ſince in her pocket to reſtore it to him in caſe ſhe ſhould ever ſee him again, which,

ſhe

ſhe added, he had half promiſed her. As ſhe told me this, ſhe took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me ſee it; ſhe had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine leaves, tied round with a tendril—on opening it, I ſaw an S mark'd in one of the corners.

She had ſince that, ſhe told me, ſtray'd as far as Rome, and walk'd round St. Peter's once—and return'd back—that ſhe found her way alone acroſs the Appenines—had travell'd over all Lombardy without money—and through the flinty roads of Savoy without ſhoes—how ſhe had borne it, and how ſhe had got ſupported, ſhe could not tell—but *God tempers*

tempers the wind, ſaid Maria, to the ſhorn lamb.

Shorn indeed! and to the quick, ſaid I; and waſt thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it and ſhelter thee: thou ſhouldſt eat of my own bread, and drink of my own cup—I would be kind to thy Sylvio—in all thy weakneſſes and wanderings I would ſeek after thee and bring thee back—when the ſun went down I would ſay my prayers; and when I had done thou ſhouldſt play thy evening ſong upon thy pipe, nor would the incenſe of my ſacrifice be worſe accepted for entering heaven along with that of a broken heart.

Nature melted within me, as I utter'd this; and Maria obſerving, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was ſteep'd too much already to be of uſe, would needs go waſh it in the ſtream.—And where will you dry it, Maria? ſaid I—I'll dry it in my boſom, ſaid ſhe—'twill do me good

And is your heart ſtill ſo warm, Maria? ſaid I.

I touch'd upon the ſtring on which hung all her ſorrows—ſhe look'd with wiſtful diſorder for ſome time in my face; and then, without ſaying any thing, took her pipe, and play'd her ſervice to the Virgin—The ſtring I had touch'd ceaſed to vibrate—in a

moment or two Maria returned to herſelf—let her pipe fall—and roſe up.

And where are you going, Maria? ſaid I.—She ſaid to Moulines.—Let us go, ſaid I, together.—Maria put her arm within mine, and lengthening the ſtring, to let the dog follow—in that order we entered Moulines.

MARIA.

MOULINES.

THO' I hate ſalutations and greetings in the market-place, yet when we got into the middle of this, I ſtopp'd to take my laſt look and laſt farewel of Maria.

Maria, tho' not tall, was nevertheleſs of the firſt order of fine forms —affliction had touch'd her looks with ſomething that was ſcarce earthly —ſtill ſhe was feminine—and ſo much was there about her of all that the

heart wiſhes, or the eye looks for in woman, that could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, and thoſe of Eliza's out of mine, ſhe ſhould *not only eat of my bread and drink of my own cup*, but Maria ſhould lay in my boſom, and be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu, poor luckleſs maiden!—imbibe the oil and wine which the compaſſion of a ſtranger, as he journieth on his way, now pours into thy wounds—the Being who has twice bruiſed thee can only bind them up for ever.

THE BOURBONNOIS.

THERE was nothing from which I had painted out for myſelf ſo joyous a riot of the affections, as in this journey in the vintage, through this part of France; but preſſing through this gate of ſorrow to it, my ſufferings has totally unfitted me: in every ſcene of feſtivity I ſaw Maria in the back-ground of the piece, ſitting penſive under her poplar; and I had got almoſt to Lyons before I was able to caſt a ſhade acroſs her—

—Dear ſenſibility! ſource inexhauſted of all that's precious in our joys, or coſtly in our ſorrows! thou chaineſt thy martyr down upon his bed of ſtraw—and 'tis thou who lifts him up to HEAVEN—eternal fountain of our feelings!—'tis here I trace thee—and this is thy divinity which ſtirs within me——not, that in ſome ſad and ſickening moments, "*my ſoul* "*ſhrinks back upon herſelf, and ſtartles* "*at deſtruction*"—mere pomp of words!—but that I feel ſome generous joys and generous cares beyond myſelf—all comes from thee, great—great SENSORIUM of the world! which vibrates, if a hair of our heads but falls upon the ground, in the remoteſt

 deſert

deſert of thy creation.—Touch'd with thee, Eugenius draws my curtain when I languiſh—hears my tale of ſymptoms, and blames the weather for the diſorder of his nerves. Thou giv'ſt a portion of it ſometimes to the rougheſt peaſant who traverſes the bleakeſt mountains—he finds the lacerated lamb of another's flock—This moment I beheld him leaning with his head againſt his crook, with piteous inclination looking down upon it—Oh! had I come one moment ſooner!—it bleeds to death—his gentle heart bleeds with it—

Peace to thee, generous ſwain!—I ſee thou walkeſt off with anguiſh

—but thy joys ſhall balance it—for happy is thy cottage—and happy is the ſharer of it—and happy are the lambs which ſport about you.

THE

THE SUPPER.

A SHOE coming looſe from the fore-foot of the thill-horſe, at the beginning of the aſcent of mount Taurira, the poſtilion diſmounted, twiſted the ſhoe off, and put it in his pocket; as the aſcent was of five or ſix miles, and that horſe our main dependence, I made a point of having the ſhoe faſten'd on again, as well as we could; but the poſtilion had thrown away the nails, and the hammer in the chaiſe-box, being of no great uſe without them, I ſubmitted to go on.

He

He had not mounted half a mile higher, when coming to a flinty piece of road, the poor devil loſt a ſecond ſhoe, and from off his other fore-foot; I then got out of the chaiſe in good earneſt; and ſeeing a houſe about a quarter of a mile to the left-hand, with a great deal to do, I prevailed upon the poſtilion to turn up to it. The look of the houſe, and of every thing about it, as we drew nearer, ſoon reconciled me to the diſaſter.—It was a little farm-houſe ſurrounded with about twenty acres of vineyard, about as much corn—and cloſe to the houſe, on one ſide, was a *potagerie* of an acre and a half, full of every thing which

which could make plenty in a French peasant's house—and on the other side was a little wood which furnished wherewithal to dress it. It was about eight in the evening when I got to the house—so I left the postilion to manage his point as he could—and for mine, I walk'd directly into the house.

The family consisted of an old grey-headed man and his wife, with five or six sons and sons-in-law and their several wives, and a joyous genealogy out of 'em.

They were all sitting down together to their lentil-soup; a large wheaten loaf was in the middle of the table;

table; and a flaggon of wine at each end of it promiſed joy through the ſtages of the repaſt—'twas a feaſt of love.

The old man roſe up to meet me, and with a reſpectful cordiality would have me ſit down at the table; my heart was ſat down the moment I enter'd the room; ſo I ſat down at once like a ſon of the family; and to inveſt myſelf in the character as ſpeedily as I could, I inſtantly borrowed the old man's knife, and taking up the loaf cut myſelf a hearty luncheon; and as I did it I ſaw a teſtimony in every eye, not only of an honeſt welcome, but of a welcome mix'd with thanks that I had not ſeem'd to doubt it.

Was

Was it this; or tell me, Nature, what elſe it was which made this morſel ſo ſweet—and to what magick I owe it, that the draught I took of their flaggon was ſo delicious with it, that they remain upon my palate to this hour?

If the ſupper was to my taſte—the grace which follow'd it was much more ſo.

THE

THE GRACE.

WHEN ſupper was over, the old man gave a knock upon the table with the haft of his knife, to bid them prepare for the dance: the moment the ſignal was given, the women and girls ran all together into a back apartment to tye up their hair—and the young men to the door to waſh their faces, and change their ſabots; and in three minutes every ſoul was ready upon a little eſplanade before the houſe to begin—The old man and his wife came out laſt, and, placing me betwixt them, ſat down upon a ſopha of turf by the door.

The old man had ſome fifty years ago been no mean performer upon the vielle—and, at the age he was then of, touch'd it well enough for the purpoſe. His wife ſung now-and-then a little to the tune—then intermitted—and joined her old man again as their children and grand-children danced before them.

It was not till the middle of the ſecond dance, when, from ſome pauſes in the movement wherein they all ſeemed to look up, I fancied I could diſtinguiſh an elevation of ſpirit different from that which is the cauſe or the effect of ſimple jollity—In a word, I thought I beheld *Religion* mixing in the dance—but as I had never ſeen

her ſo engaged, I ſhould have look'd upon it now as one of the illuſions of an imagination which is eternally miſleading me, had not the old man, as ſoon as the dance ended, ſaid, that this was their conſtant way; and that all his life long he had made it a rule, after ſupper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice; believing, he ſaid, that a chearful and contented mind was the beſt ſort of thanks to heaven that an illiterate peaſant could pay—

——Or a learned prelate either, ſaid I.

The Case of Delicacy.

WHEN you have gained the top of mount Taurira, you run preſently down to Lyons — adieu then to all rapid movements! 'Tis a journey of caution; and it fares better with ſentiments, not to be in a hurry with them; ſo I contracted with a Voiturin to take his time with a couple of mules, and convey me in my own chaiſe ſafe to Turin through Savoy.

Poor, patient, quiet, honeſt people! fear not; your poverty, the treaſury of your ſimple virtues, will

not be envied you by the world, nor will your vallies be invaded by it.—Nature! in the midſt of thy diſorders, thou art ſtill friendly to the ſcantineſs thou haſt created—with all thy great works about thee, little haſt thou left to give, either to the ſcithe or to the ſickle—but to that little thou granteſt ſafety and protection; and ſweet are the dwellings which ſtand ſo ſhelter'd.

Let the way-worn traveller vent his complaints upon the ſudden turns and dangers of your roads—your rocks—your precipices—the difficulties of getting up—the horrors of getting down—mountains impracticable—and cataracts, which roll down great

ſtones from their ſummits, and block his road up.—The peaſants had been all day at work in removing a fragment of this kind between St. Michael and Madane; and by the time my Voiturin got to the place, it wanted full two hours of completing before a paſſage could any how be gain'd: there was nothing but to wait with patience—'twas a wet and tempeſtuous night; ſo that by the delay, and that together, the Voiturin found himſelf obliged to take up five miles ſhort of his ſtage at a little decent kind of an inn by the road ſide.

I forthwith took poſſeſſion of my bed-chamber—got a good fire—or-

der'd ſupper; and was thanking heaven it was no worſe—when a voiture arrived with a lady in it and her ſervant-maid.

As there was no other bed-chamber in the houſe, the hoſteſs, without much nicety, led them into mine, telling them, as ſhe uſher'd them in, that there was no body in it but an Engliſh gentleman—that there were two good beds in it, and a cloſet within the room which held another—the accent in which ſhe ſpoke of this third bed did not ſay much for it—however, ſhe ſaid there were three beds, and but three people—and ſhe durſt ſay, the gentleman would do

any

any thing to accommodate matters.—I left not the lady a moment to make a conjecture about it—ſo inſtantly made a declaration I would do any thing in my power.

As this did not amount to an abſolute ſurrender of my bed-chamber, I ſtill felt myſelf ſo much the proprietor, as to have a right to do the honours of it—ſo I deſired the lady to ſit down—preſſed her into the warmeſt ſeat—call'd for more wood—deſired the hoſteſs to enlarge the plan of the ſupper, and to favour us with the very beſt wine.

The lady had ſcarce warm'd herſelf five minutes at the fire, before

ſhe began to turn her head back, and give a look at the beds; and the oftener ſhe caſt her eyes that way, the more they return'd perplex'd —I felt for her—and for myſelf; for in a few minutes, what by her looks, and the caſe itſelf, I found myſelf as much embarraſſed as it was poſſible the lady could be herſelf.

That the beds we were to lay in were in one and the ſame room, was enough ſimply by itſelf to have excited all this—but the poſition of them, for they ſtood parallel, and ſo very cloſe to each other as only to allow ſpace for a ſmall wicker chair betwixt them, render'd the affair

ſtill more oppreſſive to us—they were fixed up moreover near the fire, and the projection of the chimney on one ſide, and a large beam which croſs'd the room on the other, form'd a kind of receſs for them that was no way favourable to the nicety of our ſenſations—if any thing could have added to it, it was, that the two beds were both of 'em ſo very ſmall, as to cut us off from every idea of the lady and the maid lying together; which in either of them, could it have been feaſible, my lying beſides them, tho' a thing not to be wiſh'd, yet there was nothing in it ſo terrible which the imagination might not have paſs'd over without torment.

As for the little room within, it offer'd little or no conſolation to us; 'twas a damp cold cloſet, with a half diſmantled window ſhutter, and with a window which had neither glaſs or oil paper in it to keep out the tempeſt of the night. I did not endeavour to ſtifle my cough when the lady gave a peep into it; ſo it reduced the caſe in courſe to this alternative —that the lady ſhould ſacrifice her health to her feelings, and take up with the cloſet herſelf, and abandon the bed next mine to her maid—or that the girl ſhould take the cloſet, &c. &c.

The lady was a Piedmonteſe of about thirty, with a glow of health

in her cheeks.—The maid was a Lyonoiſe of twenty, and as briſk and lively a French girl as ever moved.—There were difficulties every way—and the obſtacle of the ſtone in the road, which brought us into the diſtreſs, great as it appeared whilſt the peaſants were removing it, was but a pebble to what lay in our ways now—I have only to add, that it did not leſſen the weight which hung upon our ſpirits, that we were both too delicate to communicate what we felt to each other upon the occaſion.

We ſat down to ſupper; and had we not had more generous wine to it than a little inn in Savoy could have

furniſh'd, our tongues had been tied up, till neceſſity herſelf had ſet them at liberty—but the lady having a few bottles of Burgundy in her voiture, ſent down her Fille de Chambre for a couple of them; ſo that by the time ſupper was over, and we were left alone, we felt ourſelves inſpired with a ſtrength of mind ſufficient to talk, at leaſt, without reſerve upon our ſituation. We turn'd it every way, and debated and conſidered it in all kind of lights in the courſe of a two hours negociation; at the end of which the articles were ſettled finally betwixt us, and ſtipulated for in form and manner of a treaty of peace—and I believe with as much religion

religion and good faith on both ſides, as in any treaty which as yet had the honour of being handed down to poſterity.

They were as follow;

Firſt. As the right of the bed-chamber is in Monſieur — and he thinking the bed next to the fire to be the warmeſt, he inſiſts upon the conceſſion on the lady's ſide of taking up with it.

Granted, on the part of Madame; with a proviſo, That as the curtains of that bed are of a flimſy tranſparent cotton, and appear likewiſe too ſcanty to draw cloſe, that the

Fille

Fille de Chambre ſhall faſten up the opening, either by corking pins, or needle and thread, in ſuch manner as ſhall be deemed a ſufficient barrier on the ſide of Monſieur.

2dly. It is required on the part of Madame, that Monſieur ſhall lay the whole night through in his robe de chambre.

Rejected: inaſmuch Monſieur is not worth a robe de chambre; he having nothing in his portmanteau but ſix ſhirts and a black ſilk pair of breeches.

The mentioning the ſilk pair of breeches made an entire change of the article—for the breeches were accepted

cepted as an equivalent for the robe de chambre; and ſo it was ſtipulated and agreed upon that I ſhould lay in my black ſilk breeches all night.

3dly. It was inſiſted upon, and ſtipulated for by the lady, that after Monſieur was got to bed, and the candle and fire extinguiſhed, that Monſieur ſhould not ſpeak one ſingle word the whole night.

Granted; provided Monſieur's ſaying his prayers might not be deem'd an infraction of the treaty.

There was but one point forgot in this treaty, and that was the manner in which the lady and myſelf ſhould

be obliged to undreſs and get to bed —there was but one way of doing it, and that I leave to the reader to deviſe; proteſting as I do it, that if it is not the moſt delicate in nature, 'tis the fault of his own imagination— againſt which this is not my firſt complaint.

Now when we were got to bed, whether it was the novelty of the ſituation, or what it was, I know not; but ſo it was, I could not ſhut my eyes; I tried this ſide and that, and turn'd and turn'd again, till a full hour after midnight; when Nature and patience both wearing out—O my God! ſaid I——

——You

—You have broke the treaty, Monſieur, ſaid the lady, who had no more ſlept than myſelf.—I begg'd a thouſand pardons—but inſiſted it was no more than an ejaculation—ſhe maintain'd 'twas an entire infraction of the treaty—I maintain'd it was provided for in the clauſe of the third article.

The lady would by no means give up her point, tho' ſhe weakened her barrier by it; for in the warmth of the diſpute, I could hear two or three corking pins fall out of the curtain to the ground.

Upon my word and honour, Madame, ſaid I—ſtretching my arm out of bed by way of aſſeveration—

—(I was going to have added, that I would not have treſpaſs'd againſt the remoteſt idea of decorum for the world)—

—But the Fille de Chambre hearing there were words between us, and fearing that hoſtilities would enſue in courſe, had crept ſilently out of her cloſet, and it being totally dark, had ſtolen ſo cloſe to our beds, that ſhe had got herſelf into the narrow paſſage which ſeparated them, and had advanc'd ſo far up as to be in a line betwixt her miſtreſs and me—

So that when I ſtretch'd out my hand, I caught hold of the Fille de Chambre's——

END OF VOL. II.

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